

DEFENDERS OF THE IVORY CASTLES





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Defenders of the **IVORY CASTLES**



*Being the Third Ivory Castle
Fairy Book and Telling the
True Story of the Building
and Defence of the
Ivory Castles*

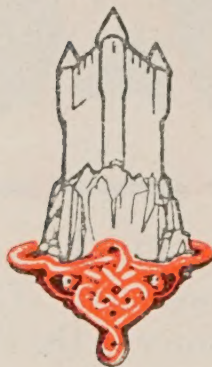
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To.....

*and all children who try
to take care of their
"Ivory Castles"*

We've drawn the pictures
and told the tale
For all the children
far and near
But more than these
We want to please
The one whose name
is written
here



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DEFENDERS OF THE IVORY CASTLES

CHAPTER I.

Pictures in the Fire.

IT was a dull evening, cold, even though it was summer time. But in the old cart-shed the children were comfortably warm, for Peter had made a real camp fire. He had learned how to do that ever so long ago, when he was first a Boy Scout. Pearl had been cooking potatoes in the ashes. It was fun to have supper like this, even if the milk *was* scorched.

The younger ones, delighted with the treat of camping out for the whole day with their elders, were now curled up, half asleep, in the cosy glow of the fire, pretending to themselves that they were camping in a forest miles and miles from any town. Really, they were quite near the week-end cottage, and had promised faithfully to pack up and go home directly they heard the church clock strike nine.

"How long your legs are, Peter," said Pearl, lazily looking at the shadows cast on the shed wall.

"They've got to be a good deal longer yet," said Peter, "considering all I want them to do! And you're not exactly a fairy yourself," he added, glancing at the tall, bonny girl, whose eyes sparkled in the firelight.

"I don't *want* to be a fairy," remarked Pearl. "A fairy playing hockey wouldn't get nearly so much fun out of it as I do! And I don't believe a fairy would make a good 'head' either. Oh! Peter, do you remember the fairy on your tooth-brush, the Gibbs Fairy, when we were only kids?"

"Yes, rather! And the Ivory Castle, too. It was quite fun, wasn't it? Giant Decay's Imps, and all that."

"Where was the Ivory Castle, Peter?" asked one of the little ones. "Was it in a story, or is it real?"

"Oh, well," said Peter, "it's a tooth, *really*, you know. Your teeth are Ivory Castles, and you've jolly well got to keep



"The week-end cottage"

them clean, or else Giant Decay gets at them. You ask Pearl. We saw the whole thing once."

"I shouldn't mind seeing it all over again," said Pearl, dreamily staring into the dying fire. "There was a lovely King of the Ivory Castles, and Elves!—I say Peter, look! Just by that big piece of wood at my side of the fire! Doesn't it look like the King, waking up after he's been asleep in the baby's gums! I can almost imagine it *is*! And all the Elves too, do come round here and look, it's ever so plain!"

At Pearl's excited voice all the children stirred themselves up and crowded round to the other side of the fire, where something strange certainly seemed to be going on.



*"A fairy wouldn't
have much fun"*

CHAPTER II.

Building the Ivory Castle.



*"The King has waked
up and is calling his
people"*

BETWEEN the logs of the fire was a clear space, and in this the children thought they could see hundreds of tiny figures like dainty Elves, running and bustling about. They seemed to be gathered round another Elf who was dressed like a king in a fairy-tale: all ivory, velvet and gold, and 'diamond crown.'

"Why, this looks just like the story," said Pearl. "Look, Curly! This is where the King of the Ivory Castles has waked up and is calling all his people to build a Castle for him. I can nearly hear them cheering him! Do keep quiet a second. Now! listen!"

And in the silence while the children hardly breathed, they fancied they could really hear a sound like hundreds of very tiny voices shouting and cheering.

"Do they *like* to build a Castle?" asked Midge, watching with round eyes the Elves marching to and fro, and backwards and forwards.

"Rather!" said Peter. "They have to do drilling now, and all sorts of gym exercises, so that they can get strong enough to do hard work, and *don't* they get on fast!"

For the Elves were turning and marching and drilling very quickly, all in perfect time, even better than the children themselves did at school.

"That's the part that makes the bump in the baby's gums," said Pearl, "while the Elves are all waking up and growing bigger, and *then* the Ivory Castle begins to be built."



Now a thousand Elves came marching in together with their leaders. They were all in gay uniforms and looked strong enough to build anything that was wanted.

"What's those letters for?" asked Midge.
"Look, D.G.B.! on their teeny-tiny coats!"

"That's the name of the Battalion," said Peter.
"'Dental Germ Battalion' it stands for; they are the ones that begin building."

And they could see the Elves were setting to work, digging and piling and building till they had made a large mound, a nice warm cosy place, for the centre of the Castle. The King's voice came again, very tiny but quite clear.

"Go carefully, my people," he said, "because our enemy Giant Decay with his army of Caries, will do his best to get in and spoil our Castle and kill us too, if he can."

But remember, that though he is so powerful there is one thing he *can't* do!—he *can't* live in a clean place! So that if there isn't a dirty spot we shall be quite safe."

At this the Elves cheered again very heartily and the first thousand marched away



"One of the
Dental
Germ
Battalion"

to have a rest while another thousand came along to do their part.

These were a little taller than the first ones, and on their rose-coloured caps they had the letters "D.B.", which mean "Dentine Battalion."

At once they started on their work, which was to build a hard, strong wall all round the centre mound.

"That wall's called the 'Dental Sac,'" said Peter, "I remember thinking what a queer name it was for a wall, when I was a kid! And the hilly place in the middle is the 'Papilla,' and when *that's* done they have to build the ivory."

The Elves were building so fast and so steadily that the wall was soon finished and they collected their tools and cleared up all their litter before they marched very happily away, looking forward to a good rest after their hard work.

"What's now?" asked Curly under his breath, "'cause I can hear a band! Very tiny music!"

"It's the 'Ivory Builders' that come next," said Pearl. "They are very grand, and always go to their work with a band playing. I think I can see them coming now."

It seemed to the children that thousands more Elves, dressed in tightly fitting shining clothes, were coming into sight. They were the "Ivory Building Battalion," and besides having a band, they had a beautiful embroidered banner, with their name on it.



One of the
"Dentine
Battalion"



One of the
"Ivory
Building
Battalion"



"The Elves came down to the Papilla to rest and have meals"

They began at once building rings of Ivory all over the Papilla, putting them one on top of another in piles as close together as they could be, just like millions of ever such slender chimneys of Ivory, all touching one another.

The Elves ran up the chimneys to do their work and came down to the Papilla to rest and have their meals.

There was a great deal of measuring and planning so that the rings of Ivory should all fit perfectly in their places, and the Castle be firm and strong.

Now the building seemed to grow bigger and bigger, and began to look like a real Castle. And somehow, while the chimneys were getting taller and taller, the children must have been getting smaller and smaller, for it seemed to them that they were standing at the bottom of one of the tallest Ivory chimneys and looking up into it, where the Elves were working far over their heads.

As for the camp fire and the old cart-shed, they had quite disappeared, there was so much to see that the children had never noticed them go!

"Giant Decay will do
his best to get in"
(see page 7).



CHAPTER III.

Enter the Archer.

THE Elves were just finishing the chimney. It was quite tall now, and there was not very much light in it for them to work by, but each Elf carried a bright little lamp in his cap which he could light by pulling a tassel.

For some time the children watched them working. It was very pretty to see the bright lights shining on the Ivory walls as the Elves ran up and down.

Soon all the work stopped and one of the Elves, who seemed to be in charge, measured the chimney with a gold measure.

He found it was tall enough and the Elves began to come down from the top and joined the Elves from the rest of the Castle, talking to each other about their work and looking rather pleased with themselves as they all marched off with their banners flying.

Before Pearl felt it safe to let go Curly's hand (he wanted so much to join in the march) another army of Elves appeared, even brighter than the Ivory Builders, and with them an important looking old gentleman, wearing ever so many medals and chains, very well worth looking at, the children thought.

"Now look, Curly," said Pearl. "They're the Enamel Builders who make the outside of the



"Gibbs Archer"

Castle so smooth and shiny, can't you see 'E.B.' on their belts?"

"Yes," said a voice behind them, "and that gentleman with the chains and medals is the High Court Jeweller. He shows the Elves how to arrange the blocks of enamel over the Castle Walls, so that they catch the light and sparkle in the sun."

Quickly Pearl turned and saw a tall, slender figure, which had yet a look of great strength, dressed in a pink tunic and hose, and carrying a long bow and quiverful of silver arrows.

"Why," she exclaimed, "you are Gibbs Archer! Peter, don't you remember? Just exactly the same as before. Oh, I am pleased to see you again."

"Yes," said the Archer, smiling happily, "I've been going on exactly the same for quite a number of years now! Just as the Ivory Castles have. How you've grown, both of you, and you look very fit. I imagine you've taken good care of *your* Ivory Castles or you wouldn't be so healthy."

"We're all right," said Pearl, "Peter's captain of his eleven and the best swimmer in the school and he'll very likely get the prize for Maths. And he won the high jump last sports." She was proud of this, more proud than she was of her own success in tennis and music, which was really equal to his.

"Well! I'm glad to see you all," said the Archer, shaking hands heartily all round.

"I daresay your memories are as long as your legs," he continued, "and you remember that



"The High Court Jeweller"

my job is to guard the Castle and give the alarm if an enemy should come near. I have to be very sharp, for all the Elves still have a great deal of work to do, though the building is nearly finished for the present."

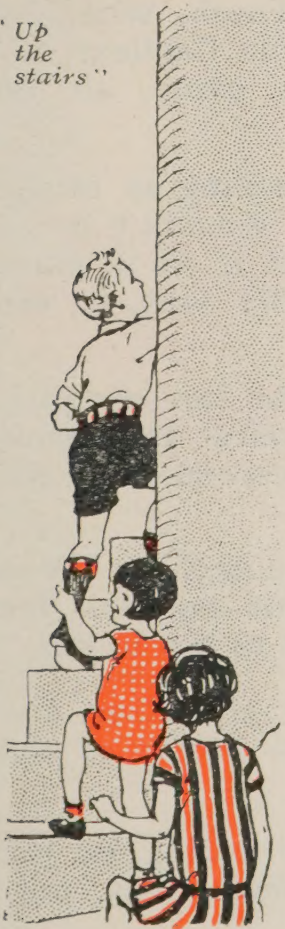
All this time the enamel workers had been streaming past, climbing up the narrow stairs and going through the top opening to the outside of the Castle.

Suddenly Curly made a dash, and was half-way up after them before Pearl could stop him.

"He won't hurt," said the Archer. "Wouldn't you *all* like to go up?"

Only too glad to have the chance, the children ran lightly up to the top where Curly was looking over the edge, but holding on tightly to the nearest Elf.

"Up
the
stairs"



The Elves were busily putting the blocks of enamel in their places, which was not at all easy, and the High Court Jeweller had to be very careful that it was done in the proper way.

"These are all very clever workers," said the Archer, "and very brave. Besides being difficult, the work is dangerous too. It must all be done on the outside of the walls and Giant Decay might come along at any time.

So while the Elves work they must always be very careful to clear up any mess and litter because a dirty spot would give Giant Decay a place in which to hide."



"One of the
"Enamel
Builders"

"It looks beautifully clean and strong now," said Pearl, "inside and out!"

"We hope it always *will* be clean," said the Archer. "Of course the Elves will always work as hard as they can inside the walls, and the Gibbs Fairies will keep the outside clean, if you let them. We want all the help we can get, and the Fairies are quite pleased to work for anyone."

"You know, the pink Gibbs Fairies," exclaimed Pearl to Midge, "they live in the pink house in the silvery box, and come out when you rub your toothbrush on it."

"I know," said Midge eagerly, "an' I know 'bout Jehoshaphat Dirty Teeth, when he wouldn't let the Fairies clean his Castles, an' they got dirty, an' Giant Decay came, an' he had a dreadful toothache."

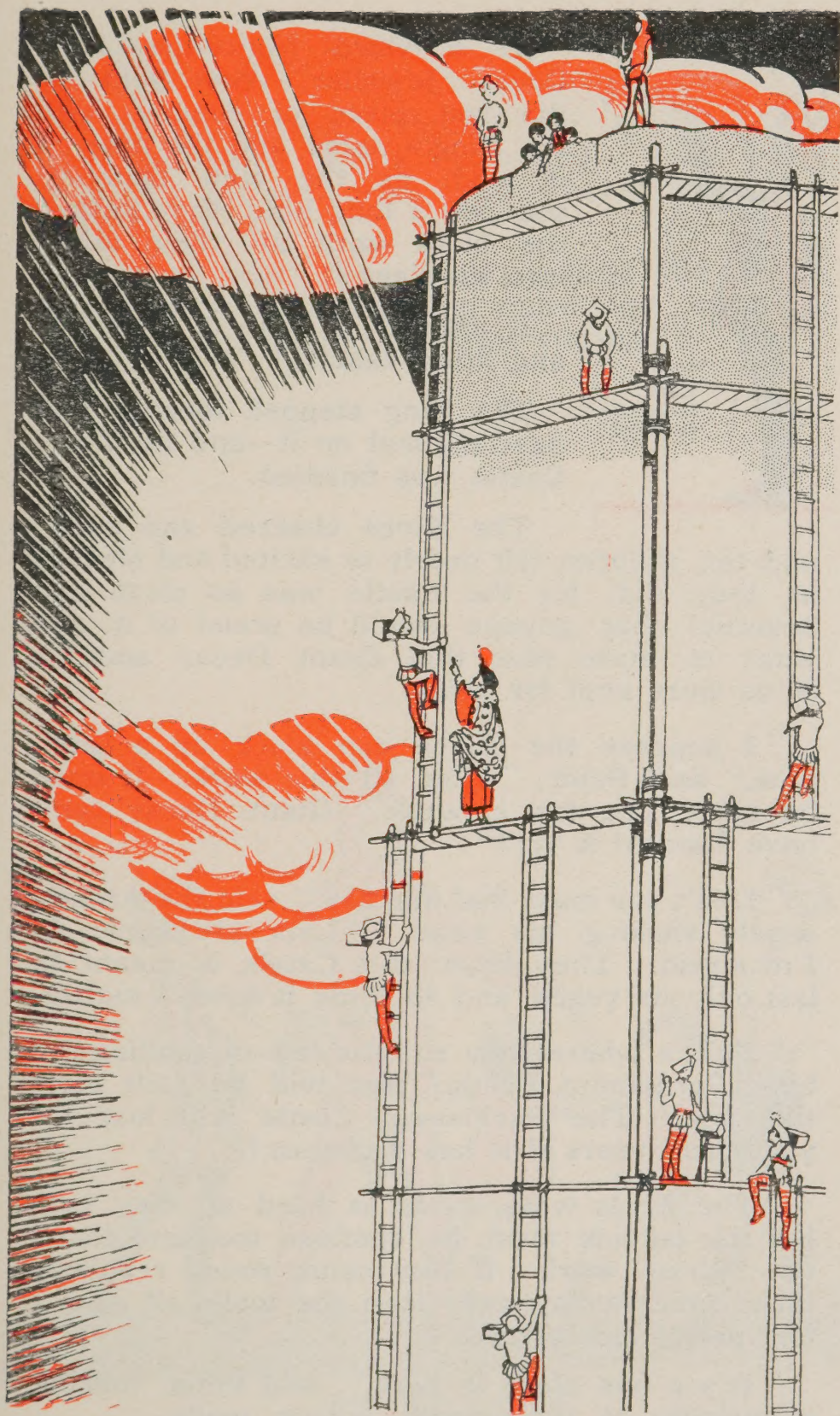
"That's it," said the Archer, smiling as Midge paused for want of breath, "*you* wouldn't be so silly, would you? See, the enamel is all in place now, come down the stairs a little way, to see the last block put in."

Now the Elves poured in at the top opening, past the children and down the stairs; thousands and thousands of them there seemed, and the whole place was packed full.

"Here comes the King," said the Archer. "You can see it all quite well from this corner. He has come to see the last touch put to the Castle."

The Elves all made a way for the King and his courtiers, who came past and nearly to the top of the stairs.

Two extra-strong Elves were standing on the top step under the opening, which was now nearly closed up.



The "Enamel Builders"



At a word from the High Court Jeweller they held up the last piece of enamel with the King's name and the date on it, and, as the elfin trumpets sounded a long note, they pushed the block with all their might into its place!

It slipped in with a "click"! and fitted exactly!

The King stepped forward and fixed his seal on it—and the Ivory Castle was finished.

The Elves cheered and sang: and the children felt nearly as excited and pleased as they did, for the Castle was so clean and beautiful that anyone would be proud of it, and want to make sure that Giant Decay and his Imps were kept far away.

"I suppose the Elves can slack up a little, now," said Peter, "after all this work. It must be fairly safe for a while. Giant Decay can't have *heard* of it yet!"

"Don't you make *that* mistake," said the Archer, wisely shaking his head. "Lots of people *do*, I'm afraid. They know this Castle is meant to last only six years, and so think it doesn't matter.

"That's where they run the risk of spoiling the big 'Permanent Castle' that will be built after this one. The Permanent Castle will last for years and years if it has a chance!

"The Elves work inside as hard as they can, but the outside must be spotless too, and that's the Fairies' work. If *they* come round regularly three times a day and clean the walls all over I feel pretty comfortable."

"It's a fine place in here," said Peter, looking admiringly at the smooth, strong walls.

"Can we get a look at the outside now it's quite finished?"

"By all means," replied the Archer. "I'm going myself to have a look round. Take hands in a ring and shut your eyes—That's right! now open them!"

And at once they were outside the Castle wall, which was standing white and beautiful, sparkling like diamonds in the sunshine.



"Take hands in a ring"



CHAPTER IV.

The Attack.

"I'M the Keeper of the Castle, you know," continued the Archer, "and have to make sure that it's safe and clean and taken care of in every way. I call my Gibbs Fairies to come, and all the time I must keep my eyes open for any sign of Giant Decay or his Caries, so you can see that *I* mustn't be lazy!"

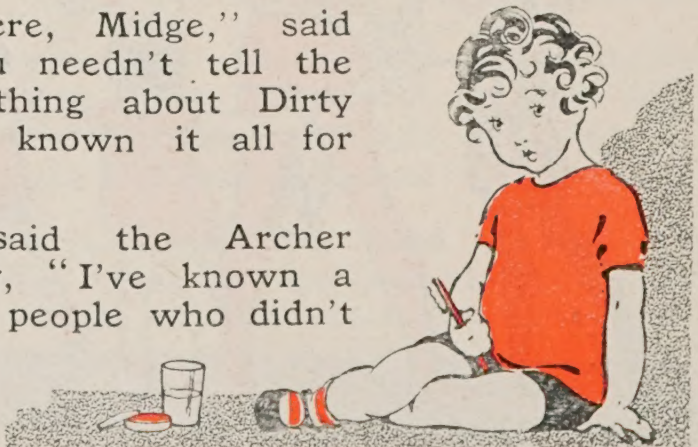
"Are the pink Fairies ever lazy?" enquired Curly doubtfully, he had been called lazy himself once.

"Oh, no," answered the Archer, "they're always ready for work and do it well, too! But their home is in the silvery box and you have to let them out by rubbing your toothbrush on the pink cake; and if you forget, or are too lazy to do it, they *can't* help you."

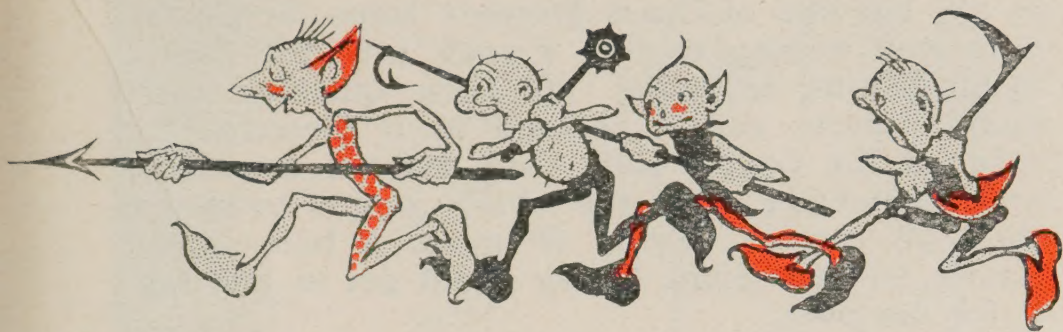
"I never forget my pink Fairies," put in Midge very proudly, "I *love* them. 'Sides I don't want to have ugly broken Castles like Jehoshaphat Dirty Teeth, an' I might if I didn't keep them clean."

"Look here, Midge," said Peter, "you needn't tell the Archer anything about Dirty Teeth, he's known it all for years!"

"Yes," said the Archer rather sadly, "I've known a great many people who didn't keep their Castles clean at all, and some who *do*



"Curly had been called lazy once"



"Behind him following up very quickly came many other imps"

clean them don't do it properly—like your other friend Arabella, who only brushed the front walls and never touched the back ones! But she learned how to do it in the right way after all, and many more people are learning every day how much Gibbs Fairies can help them."

"How do they manage to do it so easily," asked Pearl, "it's so comfortable and pleasant when they do cleaning, not a bit like house-cleaning!"

"One reason," said the Archer, "is that they have only very good cleaning and polishing things, so that there is no chance of the enamel getting even a little scratch in it. Besides, they are very careful and rub and polish gently and lightly, just as you would expect Fairies to do, and they never leave cracks and corners uncleaned!"

"For instance," he went on, "the place just there at the foot of the Castle—Hullo! Hullo!! What's that?" and with a shout he seized his whistle and blew a shrill, loud note of alarm that made the children all jump wildly and look eagerly at the spot to which he was pointing as he ran, blowing the whistle at the same time with all his might.

At first they could only see, against the glistening white of the castle walls, a grey shadow. But as it moved, slowly, slowly, nearer and nearer, making no sound, they saw it was not a shadow

at all, but one of Giant Decay's Imps, or Caries, who was hoping to find a way into the Castle. Behind him, following up very quickly, came many others, and it seemed as if directly they reached the Castle wall they started scratching and hammering with the sharp jagged tools that they all carried, trying to make a hole in the Castle, so that Giant Decay could get in and take it for his own.

More and more imps were coming every second and the Archer's whistle was filling the air with its sharp, strong sound.

The children were so excited that they felt, as one does in dreams, that they couldn't move from the spot or stir a hand.

Suddenly, the whistle stopped on a high glad note and Peter found breath enough to shout "Hurrah! here they come! Gibbs Fairies to the rescue! Now for the fight!"

With a sweet refreshing breeze, down came the brave little fairy soldiers, like a rosy mist they came, thousands and thousands of Gibbs Fairies in fresh clean pink uniforms and full of strength, and eager to fight and drive away the wicked Giant and his army.





"Gibbs Fairies to the rescue"



"The Elves inside the Castle could hear them"

CHAPTER V. *The Defence of the Castle.*

THE Caries were so many now that they looked like a thick dirty cloud, and Giant Decay had provided them all with very horrid-looking weapons, that could cut and saw and bore through anything.

It seemed as though it would be very difficult to drive them off, for the first imps were clinging very tightly with their long hooked toes, and clawing and banging at the enamel so fiercely that the Elves inside the castle could hear them and were beginning to feel rather frightened.

But the sweet air that the Fairies brought with them made the imps feel weaker at once, it was so pure and fresh that they could not breathe properly in it.

They shrank back before all those clean, strong, little soldiers, and tried to get away out of sight and hide in corners. But that was no use at all, for Gibbs Fairies have very keen eyes, they spied every one of them, and dragged them all out, there was no chance for the imps to cling to the wall either, for the pink Fairies swooped down on them, streamed over them, and swept them off completely!

All over the Castle the Fairies went, over the roof and up and down the walls on every side, so that not one imp should be overlooked.

They fought so well that in a very short time there was not the smallest trace of an enemy left.

The Fairies stood still then, and gave three ringing cheers for joy at their success, and the Elves inside the Castle went nearly mad with joy that the Giant Decay had been driven off and that the Castle was safe.

All the walls were then given an extra polish; and the Castle was once more white and peaceful as ever.



*"All over the Castle
the Gibbs Fairies
went"*



CHAPTER VI. *The New Building.*

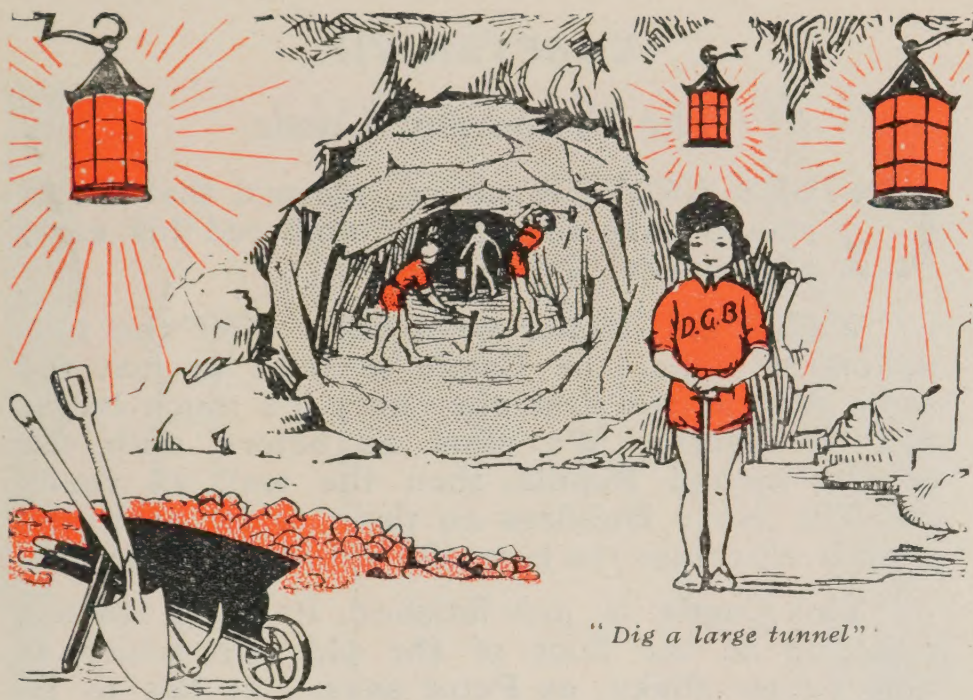
“**A** CLEAN Castle and long may it remain so,” said the Archer, sitting down for a moment’s breathing space, “or as long as it’s wanted, anyhow—that’s six years.”

“Ah,” said Peter, thoughtfully, “I know, didn’t we see before, the *new* Castle, being built under an old one?”

“I daresay you did,” said the Archer, getting up and stretching himself. “We do it in just the same way still; you can come underground with me if you like, and I’ll show you over the works where it’s being done now.”

“Down in a lift?” asked Midge.

“No, this is easier,” said the Archer, “sit on my bow.” He must have been strong because when they did so he could still hold it easily. “Here we go!” and the bow went diving down through the ground they had been standing on as though it were only going through water.



"Dig a large tunnel"

"Look," the Archer said, when they stopped in what seemed like a long gallery. "You can see that we are building here the 'Permanent Castle' (what you call a 'second tooth'). We are almost exactly under one of the twenty 'Temporary Castles' which has been standing for six years. The King wants something larger and stronger this time. Also the Fortress, that is, the jaws of the mouth, you know, is growing larger and there are thirty-two Ivory Castles to be built instead of twenty, a long job! we shall take years over it because it means a great deal of hard work. First of all we have to dig a large tunnel under the Temporary Castle—"

"Oh yes," Peter interrupted, "that's what makes your tooth—I mean *Castle*—so loose and shaky—its foundations are gone!"

CHAPTER VII.

The Permanent Castle.

GIBBS ARCHER smiled, pleased that Peter should have so well remembered his early adventures.

"Well," the Archer went on, "after the tunnelling is done, the Castle is built in just the same way as the first one—only it's much larger and stronger. We start as before with the central mound Papilla, then the wall all round it. The Ivory Builders do their work next and over it all comes the beautiful shining enamel."

"This Castle is just finished, its roof reaches right up to the floor of the old one, which is now rather shaky, as Peter says. It has to be looked after very carefully because if Giant Decay could get in now, he could get right through to the new Permanent Castle, and spoil it before it was even finished! So naturally the pink Fairies' help is wanted more than ever."

"The Elves are going to push it up now, aren't they?" asked Pearl. They were all standing as close together as they could get, underneath the Castle. "It looks quite impossible for them to do it!"

"Shall I lend them a hand?" asked Peter. "They don't get a move on it at all, or hardly anything."

"You'd better not, they've learned their work very thoroughly, and push evenly and all together, it may take some time, but they'll manage it, you, with your strong arms might push *too* hard and very likely it would go all on one side."

"I suppose it always comes up in the right place?" said Peter.

"Sometimes, if the Temporary Ivory Castle has been harmed by Giant Decay so that there is



"Ready to push the new castle into its place"



"It does put their plans out"

little or nothing of it left to guide the workers, it *does* put their plans out a little, and the new Castle doesn't take its proper place in the Fortress. But as a rule the Elves and the Fairies between them do it all very well and the Castle comes up exactly where it's wanted."

"See how fast they go now! Come upstairs and we shall just be in time to see the old Castle fall and the new one come into its place. Sit down

again! Quickly!" and with a Swish! the party was rushed away, so fast that in a second they found themselves outside, looking at the shaking towers of the old Castle. It tottered more and more and at last fell completely.

Very soon the fine new Permanent Castle rose in its place, strong and white, standing firmly in the Fortress of Ivory Castles.

"Yes, it's something to be proud of," said Gibbs Archer, looking admiringly at the glossy walls, "worth taking care of, too. When you see the whole Fortress of thirty-two Castles, some much larger than this, you can see that the Keeper of the Ivory Castles has a very important job. For Giant Decay is on the lookout for a chance to get into the Fortress. But as we know what he wants to do, and have our friends the Gibbs Fairies to help us in fighting him, we may hope that our Fortress will last for very many years, and be beautiful all the time."



CHAPTER VIII.

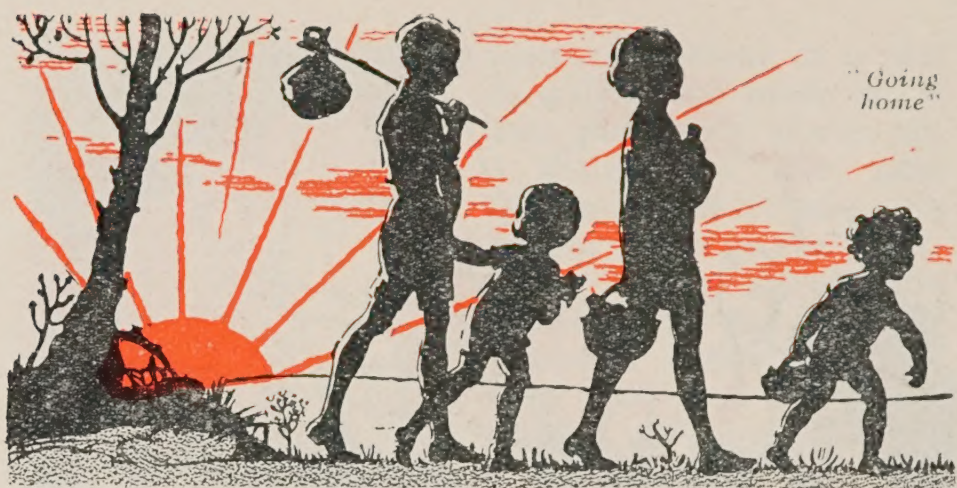
Back to Every Day Again.

“THE Archer’s voice now sounded small and far away, and a wisp of blue smoke floated before the children’s eyes. The Castle gleamed through it brightly like a pearl. Then more faintly, till by degrees it was just a glimmer in the twilight. Then that, too, was gone and there was, once more, only the old shed, with the dying fire sending up its last lazy wreath of smoke, just ordinary every day again.

The children rubbed their eyes and looked at one another. What *had* happened? Where had everything gone? Was it a dream, was it real? And while they were packing up, and all the way home, down the quiet lane, they waked up the sleeping birds with their excited chatter and wondering questions.

“I *love* Gibbs Archer,” stated Midge decidedly, “and the King, too.”

“I like the Fairies best,” said Curly, “’cause they’re so good, and pretty. Tell us about it,



Peter! Is there really a King and a Castle, or was it a big dream with us all in it?"

"Haven't you just seen it all," said Peter, "won't that do for you?"

"No, no, *you* tell it," pleaded Curly, hanging on to Peter's arm. "Once—?"

"Once," began Peter, "there were some Ivory Castles built in your mouth, and they are your teeth and you use them ever so many times all through the day. The King and Elves belonging to them work at building the Castles and then keeping them all right inside. But *you* have to keep the outside clean. If you don't, the walls get dirty; and if they get dirty they will decay; and if they decay they will go in holes, and the Ivory Castle will be spoiled and *then* you get the toothache!"

"Yes, but the Fairies, Peter," Midge broke in tugging at his other arm, "the Fairies come?"

"The Fairies live in the silvery Gibbs Dentifrice box," said Peter, taking a long breath, "and every morning when you get up, and every night when you go to bed, you open the box, and rub your wet toothbrush on the pink cake inside it. The pink bubbly stuff that comes when you rub is really millions of Gibbs Dentifrice Fairies all crowded together. Then you brush your teeth with it, *not* only the fronts, but the

backs and the sides and all over the top and in the corners—so that the Fairies can really clean off every spot of dirt.”

“And they make the walls perfectly clean, so that they feel smooth and polished, and look shiny white,” added Pearl.

“I know,” said Midge wisely, “there won’t be any dirty spots, where Giant Decay can come and settle down to make holes. I *do* like Gibbs Fairies! I shall always let them come out of their box every day, ’cause the Archer said they were pleased to work for anyone.”

“That’s right,” said Pearl, as she opened the garden gate, “because you can’t be jolly and healthy if your Ivory Castles aren’t well looked after. And when you *are* quite healthy and strong, there’s a good chance of your being happy and good-tempered too!”

So you will see that everybody, children and grown-ups too, should make friends with the little Gibbs Fairies, who can help them to take the greatest care of their Ivory Castles, and so to health and happiness.



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